

**WITH 2
CUT OUT
MASKS**

**A
GLOW
IN THE
DARK
STORY
BOOK**



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This book has been printed with a special ink that will

GLOW IN THE DARK

At the end of each page, turn off the light to see what glows.
Then turn the lights back on and continue reading.





My story begins in London, not so very long ago. My name is Pongo, by the way, and at the time, I lived with my pet, Roger Rood, a musician of sorts.

Our life together was rather dull, and I came to realise that Roger needed an attractive mate.

From the window one day, I saw the most gorgeous creature on four legs – a dalmatian just like me. Her owner, Anita, was beautiful too, and would be perfect for Roger. With some careful planning I arranged for them to meet 'by accident' in the park! And before long they were married. I had fallen in love too, with the beautiful dalmatian, Perdita.





For six months, we all lived happily together with Nanny, the cook and housekeeper, in a little house near the park. Then, one wild and stormy night, Perdita gave birth to fifteen adorable little puppies. Roger and I were celebrating the good news when Anita's old school friend, Cruella De Vil, strode into the house, her fur coat flapping, and a trail of smoke wafting behind her.

"Hello, Anita darling!" she cried. "Where are they?"

She had visited us before the puppies were due and promised to be back when they had arrived. "I'll take them all!" she sneaked, flourishing her pen to write our cheque.

"No!" insisted Roger. "The puppies are not for sale."

"You fools! You'll be sorry!" she exclaimed as she swept out the







As the puppies grew, we settled into family life. Every evening, Nanny would tuck the puppies up in bed while Perdita and I took Roger and Anita for a walk. One night, when we were out, two men came to the house.

"We're here to check the wiring and the switches," they said, but Nanny wouldn't let them in. They pushed past her, into the house. After Nanny had finally chased them away, she went to check on the sleeping puppies – but they were gone. The men had stolen them!



The next day Cruella De Vil telephoned.
She was very interested in our lost puppies
and wanted to know every detail.

"She is my number one suspect," said Roger,
as poor Anita began to sob.

"What will we do?" she pleaded. The police
said nothing.

He turned to Perdita and whispered, "It's up to





That night, when we took Roger and Anita for a walk, I sent a message on the twilight bark. It was our last hope of finding our babies.

"Fifteen puppies have been stolen!" I called out.

Soon I heard echoes as the message was passed from dog to dog, across the city and into the countryside. From farm to farm the alert travelled, until it reached the ears of an old dog called Colonel, and his two friends, Sergeant Tibs the cat, and a farm horse called Captain.

Sergeant listened to Colonel as he translated the message, "that is fifteen spotted puppies stolen!"

"But, Colonel!" Sergeant Tibs remembered, "two nights ago I heard puppies barking at the old De Vil mansion."

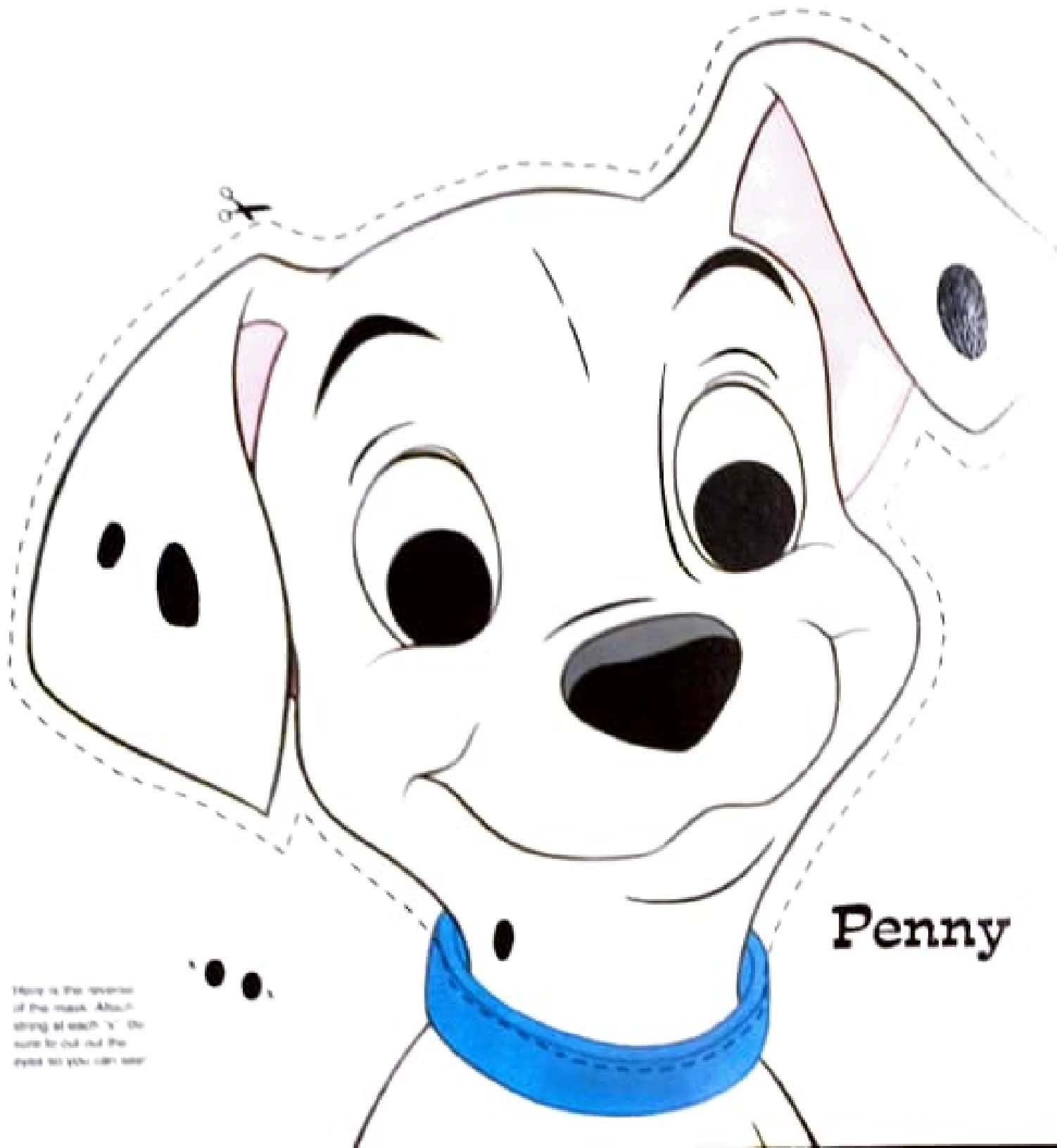
The trio decided to investigate. Sergeant clambered through a broken window, while Colonel Captain stood guard outside.

Sergeant didn't believe his eyes. Sure enough, he had found the puppies ...



X

X



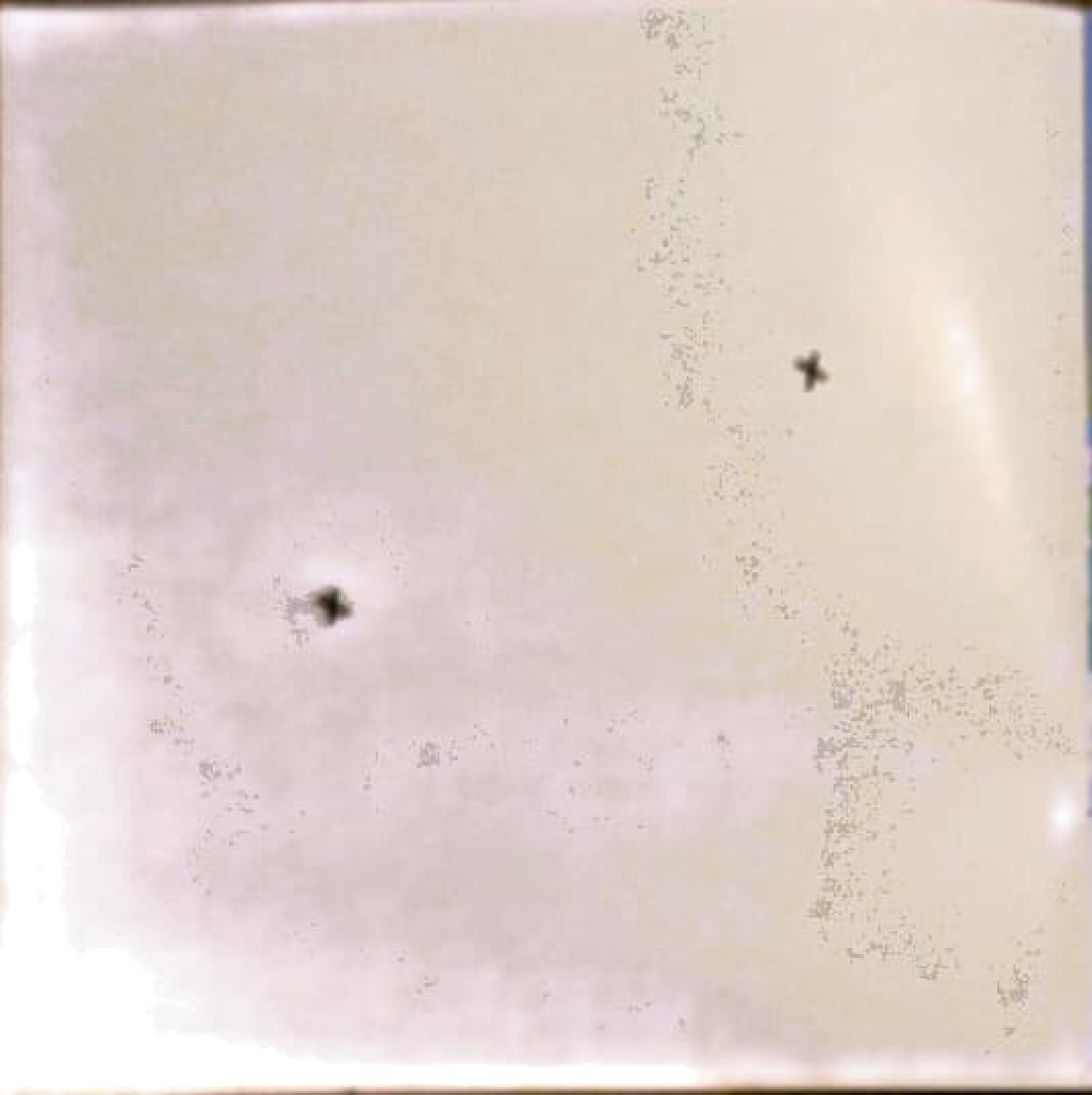
Here is the reverse
of the mask. Attach
string at each "x" be
sure to cut out the
eyes so you can see!

How to Make your Glow-in-the-Dark Mask

Ask an adult to help you cut these masks out around the dotted lines using a pair of round ended scissors. You will then need two pieces of string or ribbon, each approximately 25 cm long. Staple these to each side of your mask where marked with an 'x' below. Your mask is now complete. Ask an adult to tie the strings behind your head in a bow.

Patch

Here is the reverse of the mask. Attach string at each 'x'. Be sure to cut out the eyes so you can see!



... but not just fifteen. There were ninety-nine little dalmatians being held by the Baduns, the same men who had stolen our puppies. Colonel sent the message back on the twilight bark to me and Perdita. We set off immediately to meet him at the mansion.

Meanwhile, Cruella De Vil had arrived. "It must be done tonight!" she shrieked at Jasper and Horace. She had plans to make the puppies into fur coats! Sergeant had to help. Quietly, he led the puppies through a hole in the wall. The Baduns gave chase, and soon had them cornered. When Perdita and I arrived, we taught those Baduns a lesson before we escaped out into the snowy night!



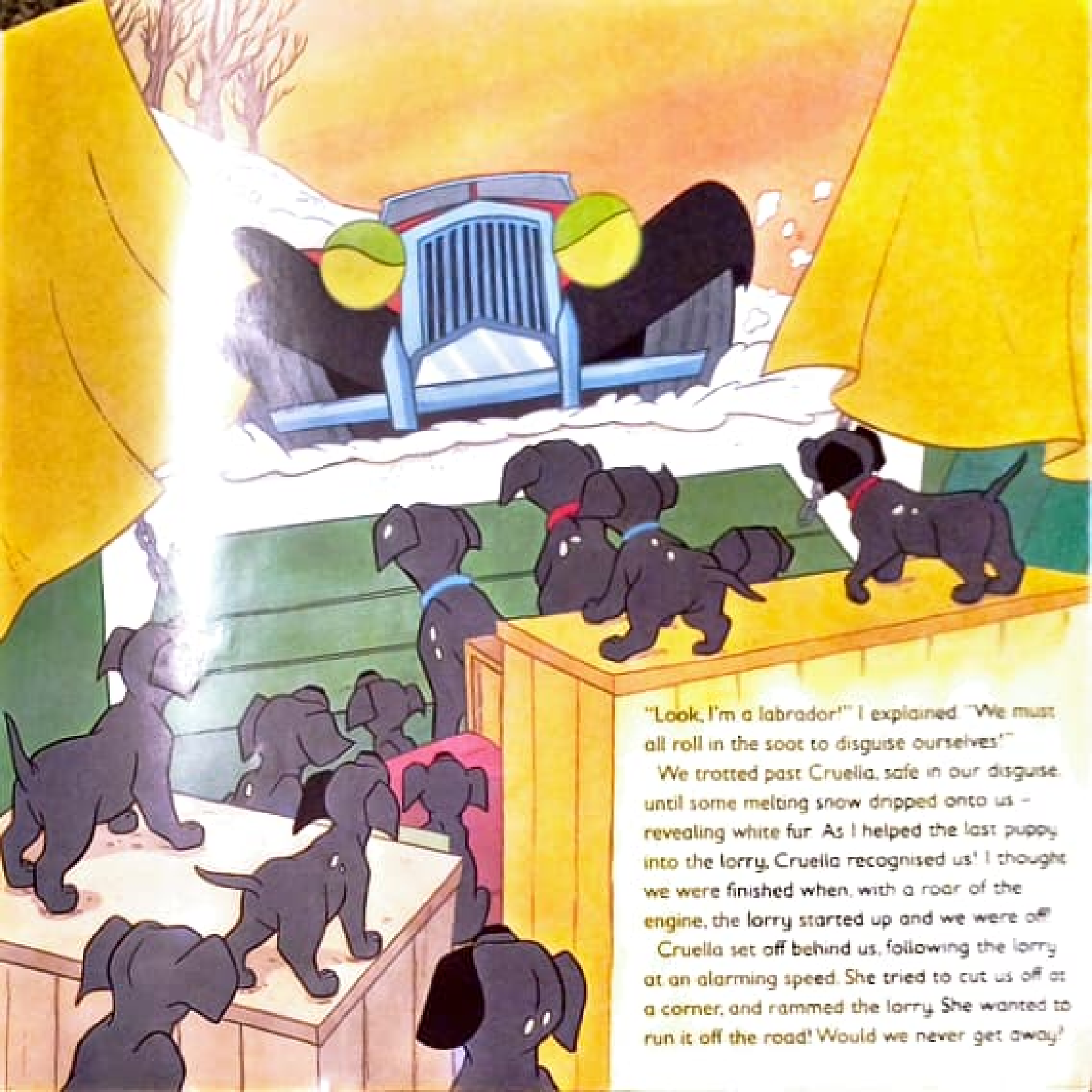


We had a long way to travel back to London, and our footsteps were easy to track in the deep snow. The Baduns started to follow us, and it wasn't long before Cruella De Vil joined the hunt.

Exhausted, we finally found our way to an old blacksmith's workshop, where we met a kind Labrador. "I've got a ride home for you," he said, showing us a lorry. But at that moment, Cruella and the Baduns arrived to search the village. How would we get to the lorry?

Suddenly I had an idea! I ran to the fireplace, and rolled about in the soot until my whole body was covered





"Look, I'm a labrador!" I explained. "We must all roll in the soot to disguise ourselves!"

We trotted past Cruella, safe in our disguise, until some melting snow dripped onto us - revealing white fur. As I helped the last puppy into the lorry, Cruella recognised us! I thought we were finished when, with a roar of the engine, the lorry started up and we were off!

Cruella set off behind us, following the lorry at an alarming speed. She tried to cut us off at a corner, and rammed the lorry. She wanted to run it off the road! Would we ever get away?

Then, suddenly, from the top of the hill, came the Baduns in their van. They sped down the slope directly towards us! We were going to collide. I closed my eyes and waited for the impact.

There was a squeal of brakes as they skidded ... then a crunch of metal. Crash! They hit – not our lorry, but – Cruella's car! The two vehicles tumbled down the hill and landed in a heap of twisted metal.

The last we saw of Cruella De Vil, she was shaking her fists with fury, shrieking with rage at Horace and Jasper.

"You idiots! You fools!"







When we finally arrived home, we found Anita and Roger trimming the Christmas tree. They could hardly believe their eyes when they started counting all our little puppies.

"... that's ninety-nine, plus Pongo and Perdita."

"A hundred and one dalmatians!" cried Roger.

"Whatever shall we do with them all?" wondered Anita.

"We'll keep them!" decided Roger, to our delight. "We'll buy a big house in the country. We will have our own Dalmatian Plantation!"

And that is the end of our story, and how we came to be one hundred and one dalmatians!



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